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NBC

FARM AND HOME

ADVERTISER

UNCLE SAM'S FOREST RANGERS #208

WRITER

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ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS

ANNOUNCER: "Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers"

MUSIC: Quartet: Ranger's Song

ANNOUNCER: Well, here we go again to the National Forest, for a look in on our old friend Ranger Jim Robbins and the rest of the folks at the Pine Cove Ranger Station. --- In addition to their regular work of managing and protecting the National Forests, Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers have in the last few years been carrying a heavy program of emergency work, including the supervision of much of the work of the CCC. All CCC work projects to be completed within the boundaries of the National Forests are planned and supervised by the rangers, and the Forest Service men have been constantly on the job to see that the work is carefully planned and properly done. With the aid of the CCC, the Forest Service has been able to accomplish a vast amount of needed improvement and development work on the National Forests.

Well, at the office of the Pine Cove Ranger Station today we find Ranger Jim Robbins and his assistant, Jerry Quick, perspiring over a revision of their work plan ---

JIM: (FADING IN) Whew! --- Sure is plenty hot in here.

JERRY: I'll say it is. I can't open the windows any wider.

JIM: Well, the work plan looks a little better now with those revisions.

JERRY: Yeah, but yeah. Jim, if we're gonna get all those jobs done this year we oughta be doing something.

JIM: Well, I ought to know what you're gonna do ahead of time, and how much time you have to do it.

JERRY: That's right. Let's see, we have a whole week allocated for the construction of that CCC bridge project up on the East Fork. Wouldn't we have time to make some of the range inspections while the bridge is under construction? We'll be right there on the range.

JIM: Yes, it'll help out if we can. We haven't allowed much time for range inspection, so we'll have to work as much of it as we can while we're on other jobs.

JERRY: The ranges seem to be looking pretty good so far, in spite of the drought.

JIM: Yep. They oughta come through all right, if we're careful to keep the stock properly distributed and prevent any over grazing. -- Well --- Jerry, suppose we knock off and have a look at the telephone line those CCC boys are building into our ranger station.

JERRY: Yeah, they ought to be about ready to make the tie in.

JIM: The pole nearest the station will have to have a couple of guy wires on it to break the pull of the wire.

JERRY: Or hell, I don't worry those boys doing the anchor holes on a day like this. I haven't got a dry stitch of clothes on me.

BESS: (READING IN) Are you men still at the station? I want to know if you're home today?

JIM: Hello, Bess. Could you accommodate a couple of Forest Rangers in your ice box?

BESS: I'm afraid there wouldn't be room for the ice if you got in, Jim.

JIM: (CHUCKLES) Well, maybe not. Say, do you think you can hold down the station while Jerry and I run out and have a look at the telephone line the CCC boys are building?

BESS: I've done it before, so I guess I can do it again, Jim.

JIM: It won't be long. The line's about ready to hook in. The boys are working out back of the station now.

BESS: I know you don't want to "baby" those boys, Jim, but I was just thinking it'd be nice to fix them some lemonade and cookies when they're done working.

JIM: I think that'd be fine, Bess. I reckon those boys aren't being "babyed" any. They're a hard-working crew.

JERRY: Does that include me and Jim, Mrs. Robbins?

BESS: I suppose I'll have to.

JERRY: That's the best news I've heard in years.

BESS: Seems to me you men are the ones that get "babyed". But you need something to cool you off on a day like this. How soon will you be back to the station?

JIM: You won't need to start getting things ready till we get here because we'll have to hook in the line before we finish.

JESS: I'll wait then, 'till I hear you outside.

JIM: That's fine. Come on, Jerry. (FADING) Let's go see how the boys are making out.

MUSIC: (TRANS)

SOUND: (HAMMERING IN DISTANCE GRADUALLY FADE IN)

JIM: (FADING IN) It looks like they're about done with that last pole.

JERRY: (FADING IN) They've got one guy wire on it already. -- Say, that kid you've got for strawboss on the job is some worker, aint he?

JIM: The kid they call Spike? Yep, he's a good worker. I've been watching him.

JERRY: Here he comes, now.

SPIKE: (FADING IN) Hello, Mr. Robbins! Hi, Jerry!

(ACKNOWLEDGE GREETING)

SOUND: (STOP HAMMERING)

JIM: You'd better hang another guy on that pole, Spike.

SPIKE: Okay! (CALLING) Hang another guy just above that one, Mullen.

VOICE: (OFF) Gotcha, Spike

SPIKE: Two guys will be enough to hold that pole, won't they, Mr. Robbins?

JIM: I think so. There's not much strain on it.

JERRY: You and the boys have been makin' good time today, Spike.

SPIKE: Yeah, Mr. Robbins said he wanted to get this line up as soon as possible. (CALLING) Hey, Mullen, put an extra spike under the guy so it won't slip down on the one below.

VOICE: (OFF) Okay!

SOUND: (HAMMERING STARTS)

JIM: It looks like a pretty good job, son.

SPIKE: The boys like workin' for you, Mr. Robbins.

JIM: Wait'll you see what Mrs. Robbins has for you and the boys at the station, then you'll really enjoy working.

SPIKE: What is it?

JIM: Lemonade and cookies.

SPIKE: Oh, boy, that's swell. (CALLING) Didja hear that, gang? Lemonade and cookies waitin' at the Ranger Station!

SOUND: (HAMMERING STOPS)

VOICES: (OFF...."Lead me to it! Double time, men! Let's go!")

JERRY: I guess they're in favor of it.

SPIKE: You bet we are! --- (CALLING) Hey, tighten up that guy with the block and tackle --- Easy!

JIM: Don't draw your pole out of line at the top.

SPIKE: (CALLING) Steady, now---That's good. Now put your insulator on and thread the wire through it. We wanta get up to the station for that lemonade.

VOICE: Sure thing, Spike.

JIM: Did you tap that pole in good at the bottom, Spike?

SPIKE: Yes sir, it's good and solid. We threw in a few rocks and stamped it hard. I'd like to show you fellows what a good job we can do, 'cause I won't get a chance to do many more

JERRY: Why? Is your enrollment about up?

SPIKE: Two weeks more.

JIM: You'll be leavin' the camp then, Spike?

SPIKE: Yes sir. I'm goin' back home and try to get a job. That's why I want to do good work now, so maybe you'll give me a good recommendation.

JIM: I guess I can do that, all right, son.

VOICE: (OFF) She's all set, Spike.

SPIKE: (CALLING) All right, throw the tools on the truck and pay out the wire as you drive up to the station. We'll tie in the line and then knock off for refreshments.

JERRY: That's gonna be a pretty long span between the pole and the station, isn't it, Jim?

JIM: There won't be any more drag on it than the weight of the wire. (FADING) I think it'll hold all right with a good tie in at the station.

(BRIEF INTERVAL SILENCE)

SPIKE: (FADING IN) That oughta hold it, don't you think, Mr. Robbins? It's a good stout tie in.

JIM: I think so, Spike. Let off your slack kinda easy.

SPIKE: (CALLING) Ease off your grips, Hullen. Take it slow.

VOICE: (OFF) Comin' off.

JERRY: Well, that job's done.

JIM: Yep. It gives us a direct connection from Bald Mountain, so we won't have to lose time in relayin' fire reports from the lookout. Look --- Here comes Bess with the lemonade. You're a welcome sight, Bess. Here, lemme help you with it.

BESS: (FADING IN) It's all right. I'll put it down on the grass right here and you can help yourselves. Mary's bringing the cookies.

JERRY: Mary?

BESS: Yes, indeed. She came over to bring me some dress samples and I put her to work.

JERRY: I'll go help --

MARY: (FADING IN) Hello, everybody. I invited myself to the picnic.

(ACKNOWLEDGE GREETINGS)

JERRY: Why didn't you call me? I'd have helped you carry the stuff.

BESS: You can bring the boys over now, Spike, if you're ready.

SPIKE: All right, Mrs. Robbins. It sure is nice of you to do this for us. That lemonade'll go good on a hot day like this. (CALLING) Come on, gang! Fall in for refreshments.

SOUND: (CROWD UP IN BACKGROUND)

BESS: I'll pour it out, Mary, and you hand it to the boys.

MARY: All right, Mrs. Robbins.

SPIKE: Gee - this sure hits the spot, Mrs. Robbins.

JIM: You want to remember this occasion, Spike. It's a rare treat when the Forest Service brings refreshments to you on the job.

SPIKE: I sure will, Mr. Robbins.

BESS: Won't you have some more lemonade, Spike?

SPIKE: I'm gonna put the tools away on the truck, Mrs. Robbins. I'll be back for the second round if it's okay.

BESS: Of course, but why don't you have one of the boys do it for you?

SPIKE: Naw, they don't get a treat like this very often.
(FADING) it won't take a minute.

MARY: Wasn't that nice of Spike to do the work and let the
other boys have a rest?

JERRY: That's the kind of a kid he is. I sure hope the kid can
find a job when his enrollment is up.

BESS: You mean he's leaving the CCC?

JERRY: Yes, he's going back to the city to look for a job.

(INTERVAL - MUSIC)

BESS: Oh, it's a lot cooler out here on the porch. Let's --
what's the matter, Jim? Are you expecting some one?

JIM: Well, sort of.

BESS: Well, you can wait here can't you?

JIM: All right. -- Sit down, and I'll tell you a story.

BESS: All right.

MARY: (WITH HER) Please do, Mr. Robbins.

JIM:

Well -- not so long ago there was a little fellow down in the big city. He was a tough little alley rat, if there ever was one. Thin, scrawny, pasty-faced -- I guess he'd never been outside the city limits all his life. He wasn't working; he didn't much want to, his family was on relief. Well, the CCC came along, and finally the kid enrolled. Pretty soon he was out in the woods. The boy had a pretty tough time. Didn't know one end of an axe from the other. Probably thought fire line came rolled up in a ball, like string. The second day he was in camp, the boys started thinning a piece of timber and the kid's hands and feet got so blistered they had to send him back to the infirmary. But he was game. Even then he wanted to keep working, because he thought the boys would call him a softie. Well, he got used to the work, like all of 'em do, and began putting on a little muscle. He enrolled in some of the night classes and did so well they promoted him to be a crew leader. I was askin' about his family once, and he told me he was the oldest and that his mother had a pretty hard time keeping the rest of the kids fed and clothed, even with the money he sent home. I remarked that he must feel kinda proud to be the head of his family. You should have seen his face brighten up. He said he hadn't thought of it that way before. The camp superintendent told me that since that time the boy sent home all of his pay except what he needed for the simplest necessities.

BESS: His mother must be awfully proud to have such a fine son. Who is he, Jim?

JIM: That's the story of this boy you saw this afternoon - the boy they call Spike

MARY: I thought it was, all the time. Isn't it too bad he'll be leaving so soon?

JERRY: The boys at the camp'll miss him plenty. They think he's a regular guy.

JIM: He's the one I'm expecting tonight. I asked him to stop by after supper.

BESS: Oh, that's nice, Jim.

JERRY: That must be Spike coming up the road there now.

JIM: Yep. That's the kid. Hmm, I wonder if ---

BESS: What?

JIM: Oh, nothing - I was kinda expecting a phone call tonight too. (CALLS) Hello, Spike - come on over here on the porch.

SPIKE: (COMING UP) All right. Hello everybody.

(GREETINGS)

SPIKE: Gee, it's nice here.

MARY: We still have some cookies left, Spike, have some?

SPIKE: They sure are good.

(SOUND - PHONE RINGS IN DISTANCE)

JIM: (FADING IN) Well, I've just had a phone call that might interest you, Spike.

SPIKE: Me?

JIM: Yes. It was a message for you.

SPIKE: What was it?

JIM: There'll be a job waitin' for you when you leave here.

SPIKE: (EXCITED) You mean --- I gotta job --- me?

JIM: That's what they said. You're to start as soon as you're ready after you go home and see your folks. It's with the Acme Construction Company.

SPIKE: Yoweeee! --- Boy, oh, boy! Will my Maw be glad when I tell 'er? But --- but -- how did they know about me?

JIM: Oh, I reckon they heard you were looking for a job.

SPIKE: They heard I was --? Oh, yeah, I know now. Gee, Ranger, you're sure one swell guy.

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